

SONGS, &c.

IN THE
NAVAL PILLAR:

OR,
Britannia Triumphant.

A NEW MUSICAL PIECE,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE - ROYAL, COVENT - GARDEN.

The Overture, new Songs, and Music of the Dance.
composed by MR. MOOREHEAD.

The Machinery invented and executed by MR. CRESWELL.



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GREAT RUSSELL-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

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Ben Bowspit	- -	Mr. INCLEDON.
Tom Tackle	- -	Mr. EMERY.
Dennis	- - - -	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Habakuk	- - -	Mr. MUNDEN.
Firelock	- - - -	Mr. TOWNSEND.
Kitty	- - - -	Mrs. MARTYR.
Nancy	- - - -	Miss SIMMS.
Sufan	- - - -	Miss WHEATLEY.
Jane	- - - -	Mrs. SIDNEY.
Britannia	- - - -	Mrs. CHAPMAN.

Characters in the Dance, by Mr. BOLOGNA, Mr. KING, Mrs. WATTS, and Mrs. PARKER.

N. B. *The four Songs marked thus * not written by the Author of the Piece.*

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Songs, &c.
IN THE
NAVAL PILLAR.

* SONG, BEN.

ALL in the downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial failors, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail among the crew?

II.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro;
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below.
The cord flies swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

III.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If, chance, his mate's shrill note he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

IV.

O, Susan, Susan, lovely dear !
My vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me kiss off that falling tear ;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass, that still points to thee.

V.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find—
Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
For thou art present, wherefoe'er I go.

VI.

Tho' battle call me from thy arms,]
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return :
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

VII.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
No longer must she stay aboard ;
They kiss'd ; she sigh'd ; he hung his head.
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land ;
Adieu ! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

GLEE.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

When Britain first her flag uprear'd, three enemies
 had she,
 Who boldly dared with her dispute the empire of
 the sea ;
 The first he was a French Mounseer ; a Spaniard
 next we view ;
 And the third he was a Dutchman, as big as the
 other two.

II.

The French they had both rafts and ships ; proud
 Spain our ruin swore ;
 The Dutch they told a story bold, but, alas, they
 did no more.
 For the French we beat at home and abroad, and
 fore we humbled Spain,
 While in Holland we haul'd down the tri-coloured
 flag, and hoisted the Orange again.

SONG. HABAKUK.

An hungry fox one day did spy,
 Fal, lal, la, &c.
 Some nice ripe grapes, which hung so high,
 Fal, lal, la, &c.
 And as they hung, they seem'd to say
 To him who underneath did stay,
 If you *can* take me down, you may.
 Fal, lal, la, &c.

II. The

II.

The fox his patience nearly lost,

Fal, lal, la, &c.

His expectations baulk'd and crost,

Fal, lal, la, &c.

Still lick'd his chaps for near an hour,

Till he found the fruit beyond his pow'r,

Then he went, and swore the grapes were four.

Fal, lal, la.,

SONG. KATE.

When peace smiles around, and stern war is no
more,

And the lad for whom thus long I've tarried,
Shall safely return, I'll live single no more,
But he and I'll go and be married.

II.

The breakers which dash on the echoing shore,

(From whence they my true love have carried)

Tho' oft I have blam'd, I shall then blame no more,

When I and my lad shall be married.

SONG. SAM.

Brother tars in my time, I've sung many a rhyme,

But the Song I now trouble you with,

Has some claim to applause, and you'll own it be-
cause,

The subject's Sir Sydney Smith—It is.

The subject's Sir Sydney Smith.

II. You

VII.

You all know, Sir Sydney, a man of such kidney,
 He'd fight all the French he could meet,
 Give him one ship or two, and without more ado,
 He'd engage if he met a whole fleet—He
 would.
 He'd engage, &c.

III.

Thus he took, as folks say, all that came in his way,
 Till fortune, a whimsical elf,
 Order'd accidents so, that in fighting the foe,
 Poor Sir Sydney was taken himself—He was.
 Sir Sydney was, &c.

IV.

The French were so glad of the prize they now had,
 They refus'd every offer we bid,
 And swore he should stay, lock'd up till Dooms-
 day,
 But he swore, he'd be damn'd if he did.—He did.
 He swore, &c.

V.

If Sir Sydney was wrong, why then blackball my
 song,
 E'en our foes he would scorn to deceive,
 His escape was but just, and confess it you must,
 For it only was taking French leave.—You
 know.
 It only was, &c.

VI. The

VI.

The great Gallic chief flush'd with fury and griet,
 Satisfaction most proudly required,
 Says Sir Syd. with all heart, so he gave Buonapart,
 Rather more than he wish'd or desired.
 He did, &c.

TRIO. SAM, KATE, and HABAKUK.

SAM.

When a tar returns home from keel-hauling the foe,
 'Tis nonsense to quarrel with sweethearts you know;
 Then kifs me again, let our bickering cease,
 And hostilities yield to the blessings of peace.

KATE.

When a lass has her heart to a lover resign'd,
 How quickly that heart to forgive is inclin'd.
 So, kifs me again—let all bickering cease,
 And hostilities yield to the blessings of peace.

HAB. (to KATE.)

Tho' this kissing to thee may great comfort afford,
 'Twill be rather too much should the song be encor'd.

SAM.

Avast, my old friend, your palavering cease,
 For we'd kifs all hands round for the blessings of
 peace.

ALL.

Then forget and forgive, may all difference cease,
 And victory purchase the blessings of peace.

OLD

OLD CATCH.

Mr. Speaker, tho' 'tis late;

I must lengthen the debate,

Order! question! hear him! chair! &c.

● SONG. HABAKUK.

My name is Habakuk, a quaker I am,

In figure a lion, in spirit a lamb;

'Tis true I can't sing like the smarts of the town,

But I now and then chaunt out a stave of my own.

The belles and beaus, in flashy cloaths,

All laugh at my proverbs as by they are scudding,

Your hungry dogs will attack dirty pudding.

II.

I can't boast of wit nor shoot satire's keen dart,

But an ill phrase may come from a very good heart.

My task is to give a short sketch of the times;

And put my old sayings in doggrel rhimes.

In Britain's praise my voice I'll raise,

May no foreign follies her brave sons bewitch,

If the blind lead the blind, both will fall in the ditch.

III.

The Frenchmen declare that they'll make us all rue,

But it's one thing to say, and another to do.

They bluster and swagger, and swear in loud tones,

But high words I've heard never break any bones.

They vow they'll fight by day and night,

In ships, on large rafts, in balloons, and all that,

But a lion was never afraid of a cat.

B

IV. They

IV.

They threaten to cut the poor English to fritters,
But you know very well 'tis not all gold that glitters.
Let them meet our brave tars, and they'll quickly
retire,

For burnt children you know dread sorely the fire.
They vaunting roar, they'll soon come o'er,
And then they can conquer us all in a trice,
But you know noisy cats very seldom catch mice.

V.

I own they've been lucky in fighting and burning,
'Tis a long lane indeed that has never a turning.
They rail at our laws and religion alas!
Those should never throw stones who have windows
of glass.

They proudly boast their conqu'ring host,
To humble Old England will soon be dispatch'd,
But some reckon their chickens before they're hatch'd.

VI.

Now tho' I'm a quaker, I don't quake for fear,
For a thousand hot words will not sour good beer.
Let us firmly unite, we may laugh at their tricks,
Let us mind the old tale of the bundle of sticks.
The nations all they would enthrall,
One question occurs, and I'll make bold to ask it,
Don't you think they've too many eggs in one basket?

VII.

In numbers they greatly exceed us, 'tis clear,
But two pref'd men not equal to one volunteer.

In

In vain are their efforts, mind not their alarms,
 We are not all babes, tho' we'll all be in arms.
 In friendship's bands join hearts in hands,
 And let us for England stand up one and all,
 For a kingdom divided must certainly fall.

VIII.

To equal our greatness they puzzle their blocks,
 Which puts us in mind of the frog and the ox.
 Let 'em try, but at last they quickly will find,
 That when two ride on horseback one must ride be-
 hind.
 They say we're poor, and grieved sore, but still
 we're happy and rich be it known,
 While Old England is free, and a King on his throne.

SONG. DENNIS.

What matter your ditties, your jokes, and nora-
 tions,

Of lawyers and doctors still making your game,
 Wid your gallipots, parchments, and clients and
 patients,

And all such cantankerous stuff as that same.
 In praise of our admirals, captains and sailors,
 I'll sing, and long life to the lads and all such,
 Who on the salt ocean were never yet failers,

In banging the Spaniards, the French and the
 Dutch.

And sing fillalloo, smallilloo, ditheroo whack,
 Let an enemy come and we'll trundle him back,
 While the lads of the ocean shall tell the proud elf,
 He may go to the devil and shake himself,

II.

Didn't Frenchmen one June, to our lads cry Peccavi,
 Lord *Howe* he did pelt 'em thro' thunder and
 smoke,

With British hard dumplings without any gravy,

Till Monseer no longer cou'd relish the joke.

And then did'nt Jarvis the Spaniards beleather,

Then Duncan and Nelson compleated the job,

To shew we can beat 'em all three both together,

As fast as each plases to put up his nob.

And sing fillalloo, &c.

III.

Each wave as it washes our shores wou'd soon tell us,

If it had but a tongue, and wou'd speak what was
 just,

How it carried to glory our brave honest fellows,

How oft on its surface our foes bit the dust.

And now to be building on land you'd be a'ter,

Some trophy of honour their actions to grace,

While they have built one for themselves on the wa-
 ter,

The devil himself cou'dn't shove from its place.

And sing fillalloo, &c.

* SONG. FIRELOCK.

Let sailors and soldiers unite in one cause,

Bound together by honour and loyalty's
 band,

Both fight for old England and cherish her cause,

And give to the King each his heart and his
 hand.

In

In this phalanx unite, like lions, we'll fight,
 While no private feuds shall our interests discover,
 But this be our boast and our ultimate toast,
 Here's the army and navy of Britain for ever!

II.

The sailor our glory secures on the main,
 His example to follow the soldier is seen,
 And on shore like a hero he fights his campaign,
 But on sea and on shore fights the British marine.

He pulls and he hauls, he fights till he falls,
 And from foretacks and musquet he never will waver,
 But when the fray's o'er, with his Dolly on shore,
 Drinks the army and navy of Britain for ever.

III.

What matters it who braves the glebe or the fudge,
 Yet if there's a contest about either station,
 Let that stimulus glory and loyalty urge,
 Who will stand the most firm to the King
 and the nation.

While thus we agree,
 Let's fight and be free,
 Shall Britons 'gainst Britons draw daggers--Oh never!
 Make the Sans Culottes fly,
 And let Fame rend the sky,
 With the Navy and Army of Britain for ever.

* SONG. BEN.

For British youths what laurels bloom,
 To grace succeeding story,
 By all admired whate'er their doom,
 It terminates in glory.

Oppress'd

Oppress'd Batavia is their care,
 With generous compassion,
 They rush undaunted to the war,
 And save a sinking nation.
 Restore Nassau,—and Holland free
 From galling Gallia's liberty!

II.

With loudest shouts the soldier's greet
 The long-wish'd declaration,
 And royal York they all entreat
 May head the embarkation:
 The Orange streamers now behold
 With England's are united!
 Thy sailors, Nassau, as of old,
 Are sworn to see thee righted.
 A happy omen may it be!
 Heaven grant our arms the victory!

III.

Sweet smiling Peace may then be woo'd,
 And France religion nourish;
 A monarch pious, just and good,
 Like GEORGE, again may flourish:
 A race of heroes like our own,
 A QUEEN, her subjects glory,
 Like ours, may dignify his throne,
 The boast of future story.—
 And still may grateful Britons sing,
 God save the QUEEN to bless the KING.

GLEE. KITTY, NANCY, JANE.

We come, ye guardians of our isle,
 Our gratitude to prove,
 Be ye who nobly prize our smile,
 Rewarded by our love.
 To crown your valour be our care,
 The brave alone deserve the fair.

Cho. With a fal, la, la, &c.

II. While

II.

While to the world, your well earn'd fame,
 A grateful Land imparts,
 We wear each gallant sailor's name
 Engraven on our hearts,
 Those hearts accept to crown your care,
 The brave alone deserve the fair.

III.

Each British lass, shall proudly own,
 A British sailor's deeds,
 While royal Charlotte from her throne,
 The bright example leads.
 To pay their toils, be still our care,
 The brave alone deserve the fair.

RECITATIVE. BRITANNIA.

Britons, your Country's gratitude behold,
 Thus be each deed of naval worth enroll'd.
 While to your valour we this tribute raise,
 Heroes departed claim alike our praise.
 They well rewarded for their glorious toil
 Now look with kind regard on Britain's Isle.
 Receive each hero of the British fleet,
 And welcome Howe to his celestial seat.

FINALE. BRITANNIA.

To Neptune enthron'd as he govern'd the sea,
 From my cliff-skirted isle I dispatch'd a petition,
 That he its protector and patron would be,
 When this charter arriv'd without let or condition:
 Navigation and trade no more be afraid,
 The ocean is yours, and I'll lend you my aid.
 Besides, I'll instruct you like me to entwine
 The fruits of fair Commerce round Liberty's shrine.

Chorus. Besides, I'll, &c.

BEN.

BEN.

The news over Gallia immediately flew,
 French and Spaniards pretended to give themselves
 airs,
 If Britons are suffer'd their schemes to pursue,
 There's an end of our projects, our hopes, and our
 cares.
 So they sent out a fleet which the Englishmen beat,
 And a second, sunk, taken, and forc'd to retreat,
 Was oblig'd to confess that 'tis we who entwine
 The fruits of fair Commerce round Liberty's shrine.

Chorus. Was oblig'd, &c.

DENNIS.

Then Mynheer from his mouth in great wrath took
 his pipe,
 And swore our pretensions we sorely should rue,
 That the time had arrived, and the project was ripe,
 Shou'd teach poor John Bull a fresh course to pursue.
 With this threat he set sail, 'twas of little avail,
 They'd the worst on't at sea, and in port they turn'd
 tail.

But now with true blue they the Orange entwine,
 And the fruits of fair Commerce round Liberty's
 shrine.

Chorus. But now, &c.

FIRELOCK.

Then join Sons of Britain the world to convince,
 You have hearts tun'd to harmony, friendship and joy,
 That your love to each other, your country and prince,
 Can never be lessen'd, or suffer alloy.
 May Britannia still be the Queen of the Sea,
 May our King, Laws, and People for ever be free.
 And soon with the blessings of peace may we twine,
 The fruits of our Commerce round Liberty's shrine.

Chorus. And soon may, &c.

F I N I S.

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